

# THE LITTIMBER POST

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Vol. LVI.

RENNETT & FITCH,  
No. 738 Sanson St.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1876.

50 Cts a Year, in Advance.

No. 1.

## WHEN SUMMER COMES

BY DRUMMOND

"When summer comes, dear heart, your cheeks  
New white, will bloom like roses rare,  
The roses in the garden pale and weak,  
Will grow as low much as your feet can reach."  
Thus said he, little thinking how  
God will that we our will should bow.

The summer came, and roses bright  
Bloomed over every vale and hill,  
But cheeks like roses pale and white,  
Lay in a coffin cold and still.  
Thus ever, God a voice knows best,  
And in the very heart, ever rest.

## THE SECRET AGENT;

OR,  
The Struggle for Liberty.

Philadelphia in 1776

BY CHARLES MORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "PILOTED IN PERIL, ETC."

[This story was commenced in No. 1, Vol. 55. Such numbers can always be obtained.]

### CHAPTER VIII.

SERGEANT KERR'S TRUTH.

Captain Conrad might well have placed confidence in the resisting power of Sergeant Kerr, not only to female will, but even to his own writing when opposed to his spoken order.

He sat on the steps in front of Snyder's inn, his musket leaning like a twin brother against his shoulder, and slowly deciphered the written document which had just been presented by the young lady before him.

"Margaret Lawson, is that you?" he asked, looking querulously up.

"Yes sir," she replied, demurely.

"Looks like Captain Conrad's writing," he grumbled as he read the name at the bottom. "Ain't sure of that though. Too many tricks about now-a-days."

"But, Mr. Kerr—" she began.

"Sergeant Kerr," he interrupted with a sharp accent. "Ain't got no Mister to my name."

"I have told you," she replied, "how Captain Conrad came to give this order. I am a friend of the prisoner, and he willingly gave me permission to see him. He said I had but to present that order to Sergeant Kerr."

"The Captain ought to have staid here himself," said the Sergeant sourly. "He told me to hold on to the prisoner for life and death, and I'd like to know how I am going to do it if he takes the business out of my hands this way."

"But I do not see that any harm can be done by my seeing Mr. Brooks for a few minutes."

"I don't know, I don't know," he replied, with a sage shake of the head. "I am certain of nothing that women meddle with. Howsoever, I don't care much if you see him so as I go with you. Don't think you can carry him away in your sleighs."

"No, no, Sergeant," she archly replied. "It must be alone. I have private business with your prisoner. The order says that I must see him alone."

"Alone," he muttered, as he slowly deciphered it. "Don't like the looks of that. It ain't the thing. You've been throwing dust in Captain Conrad's eyes, young woman. Can't see him alone."

"Now, Sergeant Kerr," she said coaxingly. "You are not going to deny me this small favor. You can have your guards outside the door if you wish. You don't really think that I am able to carry him off before all your eyes?"

"It is just such creatures as you who have been the ruin of men since the days of old Adam," he said. "I've got my orders young woman. I'm going to keep them. You've fooled the Captain with your coaxing ways. I 'spose, but you ain't going into that room."

"Then I am," she said, petulantly.

"When Captain Conrad took leave of me and my father, he gave me the order now in your hands. You will refuse to obey it at your peril."

Something like amusement came into the old fellow's face as he listened to her sharp words.

"No you're looking at it that way?" he said.

"Do you deny me the privilege which your Captain has granted me?" she asked, drawing up her form with offended dignity.

"I won't trust no woman in that room without going in with her, that's flat," he sharply replied.

"You are a crabbed, sour old jailer," she answered, shrugging her shoulders spitefully. "What has Mr. Brooks done anyway, that he should be arrested? What are you keeping him for?"

"I only know that he is a spy," he replied.

"I only know what spies are caught and kept for," she replied.

"For what?" she hastily asked.

"To stretch hemp," was his coarse answer.

She turned away that he might not see the sudden pallor of her face.

"You are as cold and cruel as iron

Sergeant Kerr," she said. "You have insulted me and disobeyed your Captain. Perhaps you think I will get upon my knees and beg of you, but I do not intend to do anything of the kind. I am going to see your prisoner, whether you will or not. What's more, so long as you think that I am here to carry him off with me, I will take you at your word. Allen Brooks is my friend; if he were ten times a spy, he shall not keep him in your prison, nor stretch your hemp, as you elegantly express it."

Her burst of indignant eloquence had very little effect upon the rugged nature of the Sergeant.

"So that's how you take it," he grunted, "to ahead then, get him out if you can."

"I will," she answered, turning angrily away, and walking with a quick step down the road.

The old fellow leaned upon his musket and looked after her, a smile of amusement creeping over his wrinkled face.

"Just as spiteful a hornet," he muttered, "and would sting me as quick if I had the chance. Well, well, a woman is bound to have the last word."

He got up and strode carefully into the house. It was evident that her threat did not greatly disturb his mind.

"I've seen women before," he continued. "She'll go home and have a good cry, then she'll wipe her eyes, and be the last of it, except, maybe, a blow to the Captain, which won't hurt me much."

But she didn't cry and she didn't go home. There was more of the true grit in the young woman than he gave her credit for.

Her rapid retreat had quite another purpose.

It was really a pursuit of a form she had just seen sitting away from the house towards a spring-house at some distance.

Madge had recognized Letty Snyder, the daughter of the old inn-keeper, and had on the instant determined on giving her a good lesson in good-humored scolding to Letty for her long absence as they passed.

Snyder, a hale, broad-faced German, stood on the back porch, and gave a hearty nod to Madge and a good-humored scolding to Letty for her long absence as they passed.

"It's about supper time, and the poor devil up stairs must be getting a bit hungry," he said. "It will be pitch dark in ten minutes, and you've got no business out godding."

"All right, daddy," said the rosy daughter, with a merry laugh. "I guess I'll get him something before he quite starves. Come in, Madge, I have something pretty to show you."

"Yes, you're always getting something pretty, and always making me pay for it," growled the good-natured father as the two girls passed in.

Letty's delay in the wood, however, made the prisoner's supper rather late that night. It was a full hour after her entrance as the ray checked damsel, with a hood drawn over her curls and half hiding her smiling face, bore the long-delayed supper to the room which had been transformed into a prison.

The inn was of two stories in height, and for some unexplained reason it had been carried up to a third story over one end, two small rooms being thus formed.

One of these was entered by a stairway from below, and communicating by a door with the second.

This connecting door was locked, however, and the prisoner confined in the outer apartment, a sentinel stationed at the foot of the flight of stairs.

The single small window of the room was not barred or guarded, but as it presented a sheer descent of thirty feet to the ground, and as the room contained nothing that could easily be used as a rope, it was deemed sufficiently safe.

Moreover, it was in full view from the road, on which a sentinel kept guard night and day.

Allen Brooks sat on the edge of the bed, which was furnished with that smothering comfort peculiar to our German citizens, a feather bed to be on and a second one for coverlet. There were no ready made ropes here to assist a captive's flight.

His face was bowed in his hands and a deep sensation of misery seemed to have come over him for the moment. In his hand was clasped a slip of paper which he had just been reading.

"No, no," he said, thoughtfully, "that may serve as a last resort. To use it except at the last extremity would be weak and foolish. What little usefulness I have must not be fully destroyed. Better die and let my secret perish with me than thus weakly sell it."

A footstep on the stair caused him hastily to hide the paper in some secret hiding place within his cap.

He stood facing the door as it opened and admitted the form of the maiden who bore his supper.

"I am afraid Mr. Brooks, that you are half starved waiting for me," she cheerfully said. "I have a nice supper for you, which may make up for the delay."

He slightly started on hearing her voice.

mark of Sergeant Kerr, as he threw up the window and caught sight of the dangling rope.

"After him!" he cried. "All of you! He is not gone a minute! After him! Scurry the country! He cannot escape!"

He was flying to the door after the troopers, who were rushing down stairs at breakneck speed, when the form of the young lady who was still keeping up her excited cries caught his eye.

He paused and cursed suddenly to himself, snatching the disguising hood from her head.

"Ha! It is you then?" he cried furiously. "Fool that I was to despise a woman's threats. I might have sworn you'd make trouble." "You defied me, Sergeant Kerr," she coolly replied. "Have I not kept my word?"

"Yes, blast you! You have got your lover out. I might have known he was some chap you were sweet on. If I catch him, I will hang him. You can

Conrad having taken the remainder of the small detachment with him.

The greater number of these had mounted, under direction of the Sergeant, and were rapidly riding through the neighboring roads and lanes, and across the open fields, in pursuit of the fugitive. The night was clear, the moon some five days old, and it was sufficiently light to render this movement possible.

The hasty return of part of this pursuing party was caused by a suspicion which had flitted across the active mind of Sergeant Kerr.

That outrageous young woman had humbugged him to his eyes. Might she not still be humbugging him? Might she not have sent them on a wild goose chase to get them out of the way? To his mind there was no limit to the deceitful possibilities of a girl's brain. The chap might have been hid somewhere in the house till they could get out of reach.

Sergeant Kerr was a man of few words but quick decision. He had done, with him, was to act.

In an instant he turned and with the single trooper who accompanied him, rode furiously back to the house.

His fair antagonist was as quick as he. Her plan of action, before he had been already settled upon with her sworn ally, Letty Snyder, was half smitten herself with the prisoner, and quite ready to aid him.

Fully trusting him in this young lady's hands, Sergeant Kerr, was her quick rejoinder, as she darted past the trait soldier with the rapid flight of a bird, and in an instant was tripping down stairs, her gay laugh of disdain borne back to his maddened senses.

With a deep curse he raised his musket, his heart full of rage. Whether he would have fired or not cannot be said. Ere he had an opportunity the soldier beside him threw up the barrel of the weapon.

"Let the girl go," he briefly said. "It is the man we are after."

By this time some others of the troopers had returned from their unsuccessful quest.

These were stationed by the Sergeant on guard at the different entrances to the inn, while he, with the soldier who accompanied him, entered upon a systematic search of the house.

From garret to cellar they went, the innkeeper with them.

"Upon this door," said the Sergeant to Snyder, pointing to the entrance of a room on the second floor, having first stationed the trooper at the head of the stairs, that no one might pass them while in the several rooms.

"No, no," said the innkeeper, shaking his stolid head. "You can't go in there."

"What's the reason I can't?" was the sharp rejoinder.

"That's my daughter Letty's room. She's gone to bed. You can't go in there."

"Then she'll have to get out of bed, and a hurry, that's all."

"There's no man there, I tell you."

"Shut your pipes, Snyder, and bid the girl get up," was the early rejoinder of the Sergeant.

"Never mind, daddy, I'll let the bear in," came in treble tones from the young lady, inside, "if he'll give me time to dress for his distinguished company."

"Hurry up then," was the harsh reply. "You're not generally very particular."

"Not for such creatures as you, old Kerr," was the disrespectful answer that came through the door.

A minute's bustle was heard within as the young lady was toasting things around generally in her angry haste.

"All right, now let the bear in," she cried. "If he finds a man here I hope he will eat him alive."

Snyder opened the door and revealed the impassioned young lady seated in a half reclining position, on the edge of the bed, a shawl drawn round her ample shoulders, her hair falling in disheveled waves about her face, a show on one foot, the other bare, and tapping, in a group to a petulant tune.

"Here you are now, Mr. Kerr," she said with an assumption of courtesy in her manner. "and I am obliged for your politeness, in forcing yourself into a lady's bed chamber after she had retired for the night. Go ahead now, find your man, and get him out of here as quick as you can."

The appearance of the bed seemed to confirm her words. It was disordered as if she had hastily risen at the Sergeant's demand.



CAPTAIN CONRAD TOOK LEAVE OF ME AND MY FATHER.

"Please shut the door," he said. "I will not have much comfort in my supper if that December draught which has followed you up stairs."

A light laugh answered him as she shut the door.

It was no sooner closed than a marked change took place in the demeanor of the prisoner.

He started forward, raising of his hand which had just been groping at the lock.

"Madge Lawson?" he said, in low, excited tones.

"All right," he said; "but don't lend your wings to the prisoner."

A light laugh answered him as she shut the door.

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"Madge Lawson?" he said, in low, excited tones.

"All right," he said; "but don't lend your wings to the prisoner."

A light laugh answered him as she shut the door.

"I have not a minute to lose," she cried in low quick utterance. "I do not want this disguise off."

"For what then?" he said eagerly. "Have you any plan to release me from this prison?"

"I hope so," she said, with equal eagerness. "Quick, we have not a moment to lose. Eat your supper. You may need it."

He took her advice and ate hurriedly, watching meanwhile her light, quick evolutions.

First to the window, to which she fixed the end of a long piece of rope, dropping the other end to dangle outside. Then to the door of the next room, which she quickly opened with a key of which she had become possessed.

"In there, and be as quiet as a lamb," she hastily said.

"But—" he began.

"In with you. Every movement is precious. It will be time for beds afterwards."

She pushed him with both hands in her eagerness to get the door shut and locked upon him.

Hardly had she replaced the key in her pocket before she flew across the room and flung open the outer door, giving vent to a loud cry.

"The prisoner has escaped! He has escaped the window!"

The sentry dashed up stairs and into the room. Other steps could be heard approaching as her continued cries reached ears below. In a minute a half dozen soldiers followed the sentry into the empty cell of their prisoner.

"He has gone!" she cried. "He had a rope. He got out of the window while I was fixing his supper."

"Damnation!" was the emphatic re-

of the open window.

That done she seated herself on the only chair in the room and awaited developments.

Indeed she needed a moment's rest and time to recover her faculties. A revulsion from the intense excitement of the past five minutes came upon her, and her brain reeled with a sense of faintness as she leaned back listlessly in the chair.

There was more than exhaustion to occasion this feeling. There had been other than physical excitement during those stirring minutes. Allen Brooks' demeanor towards herself, what did it signify? He had always before been simply friendly and attentive. He was now warm, passionate, earnest. There was a light in his eye, a tone in his voice, such as she had never seen or heard before. What did those signify? Was it the love she had known only by name before? And this new revelation which had come to herself, this sense of shrinking from the soldier's coarse assertion, this nerve throbbing of the heart, this painful sense of color in the face, this shamefacedness which had suddenly come upon her for the first time. What did they signify? she knew not; she was too young in sentiment to read the secret signs of the soul truly, but she found her brain filled with a sensation of the deepest joy, a thrilling sense of happiness, without tangible cause, permeating her entire being. She asked not herself. Is this love? She could not for the present but feel, and clasp to her soul the warm image of a new heart life which had before been to her an unknown existence.

She was roused from this happy reverie by the hasty entrance of Sergeant Kerr and his attendant. The wrinkled face of the dried up old petty officer was distorted with as ire that was full of spitefulness.

"So, you are here, mistress," he cried, striding across the room and seizing her rudely by the arm. "What have you done with that fellow? Answer, or it will be worse for you."

Her reply was to spring up from the chair and snatch her arms forcibly from his brutal grasp.

"I thought you were a man, Sergeant Kerr," she indignantly replied. "I did not take you for a brute."

"You took me for a fool," was his angry response, and you didn't miss it much. But I ain't fool enough to be sold twice for the same money. That pretty lover of yours is hid somewhere in this house, and I am going to root him out."

He looked her keenly in the face as he spoke. With a great effort she kept

ber features from displaying the fear that came upon her at his words.

"You are welcome to find him if you can," she coolly replied. "You were going to catch him so fast in the fields. Why didn't you? I fancy you will have no better luck here. There is but one way of escape from this room. Ask your guard if the prisoner passed him on the stairs."

"Here is another room," answered the Sergeant, more coolly. "Perhaps you have caged him in here."

"Perhaps so," she replied.

He tried the door. It was locked.

"Ask Snyder for the key of this room," he said to the soldier behind him.

During the absence of the latter, the two antagonists stood in silent alliance, looking each other full in the face, the Sergeant's crabbed countenance full of sour decision, Madge's fresh young face wearing a look of tantalizing triumph that embittered him yet more.

"The key can't be found," said the soldier returning. "Snyder says, somebody has been meddling with it."

"I thought so," said the Sergeant, with a triumphant glance towards his fair foe. "But I've got a key, my lady, that will let me into the cage of your pretty lover."

He proved his words by a fierce blow with the butt of his musket upon the lock of the door.

The weak lock gave way. The door flew wide open, revealing an empty room.

A moment's observation convinced the Sergeant of this fact. The light laugh of his opponent added to his discomfiture. He came tramping heavily back.

"I've said you were grinning like a witch," he cried. "You got us all like a parcel of blind asses, out of the house. You had the chance to hide him where you pleased. Madge's French room was through but I find him. And don't think that you're going to get out of it so easy. You're my prisoner till he is found, and it's a year to come. You were so keen to get him out of this room, I'll leave you here to think over your pretty face."

"You've got first to catch your rabbit, Sergeant Kerr," was her quick rejoinder, as she darted past the trait soldier with the rapid flight of a bird, and in an instant was tripping down stairs, her gay laugh of disdain borne back to his maddened senses.

With a deep curse he raised his musket, his heart full of rage. Whether he would have fired or not cannot be said. Ere he had an opportunity the soldier beside him threw up the barrel of the weapon.

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"Here you are now, Mr. Kerr," she said with an assumption of courtesy in her manner. "and I am obliged for your politeness, in forcing yourself into a lady's bed chamber after she had retired for the night. Go ahead now, find your man, and get him out of here as quick as you can."

The appearance of the bed seemed to confirm her words. It was disordered as if she had hastily risen at the Sergeant's demand.

### CHAPTER IX.

LETTY SNYDER ON GUARD.

The force under command of Sergeant Kerr consisted of but ten men, Captain



They were a manifold, certainly since Judith Haggard was the mansewing of the household machine; but Cynthia had been a companion in the kitchen, and she knew she was nearly as good as she. She had carefully instructed Phoebe in all the offices of the sick-room department, and she had been a help to the Squire to that dignity, now late in life, and she had been a help to him with just a little supervision and assistance from Oswald, who was a light sleeper, and could not sleep upon the invalid now and then, so that she could give him his medicine or his medicine.

When, however, Mrs. Haggard ventured to hint at departure, the Squire's daughter, who was a very good girl, she be as cruel as to talk of leaving him when but for her he should be in his grave? If she left him, he should die. Phoebe was a very good girl, and she was a very good girl, with her big rough hands and her clumsy ways. He might die in his bed at any hour, with not a soul to help him, and she would be a very good girl, a pig by the friends. That girl thought

The old man shed tears; and the tears of feeble age are sad to see. What could Cynthia do? The tender heart, in which every feeling put its power, was melting, and she moved to the door, to tell her story. She told her husband of the Squire's distress, and he said stay.

"I will be with you," he said, "and you can bear the trial of witnessing the deed. It will not be long."

"Yes, the doctor really think he will die."

"Oo, dear the doctor is quite hopeless. Nothing less than a miracle could save him, he says, and God has ceased to answer our prayers for our worthless mortal bodies. His supernatural dealings are with our souls."

"Then I must not leave him on any account."

"You have never seen death, Cynthia. You are not afraid to face the end?"

"No," she answered bravely; "I fear

No Cynthia stayed and ministered to the departing sinner, and made those last days of his life sweeter to him than any he had ever known. He died, which human affection had been as dead in him as if he had been a stone of those conical stones which antiquity chose for a base to their statues, and he was buried to his fair young nurse, and submitted to her with a senile docility.

"If I had had a daughter like you, my death would have been a better man," he said.

"You have had a good son, dear Mr. Pentreath."

"Yes, he would have never given me any trouble, but there's not much in him—a young man to be drawn any way. I'm afraid he'll spend money like water. He's a handsome fellow, but he's a little too gay, not able to move a finger while one's property is being made ducks and drakes of. That's the sting of death."

No, no, dear friend the sting of death is not that.

"And 'an 't' sinful to foal away a time  
 't' the 'squire toasty  
 Whooled close up the glowin' breath  
 't' his big arm-chair, with a tumbler  
 o' warm negus, weak and harmless  
 but soothin' to the spirits, on the little table  
 't' the side o' the chair, a book o' the  
 great complacency to Cynthia's  
 Scripture reading. If the Bible had been  
 something less than it is, the keen old  
 man would have been less than he is,  
 he started with a strong prejudice in  
 its disfavour. But the mighty Book com-  
 pelled his attention, and seemed to ap-  
 peal to the very depths o' his nature,  
 mental weakness could not withstand.

Oswald now began to spend his after-  
 noons in the sick room, save that one  
 hour which he spent out o' doors with  
 his gun and his dog. He was anxious  
 to have him there, and was fond of call-  
 ing his attention to certain passages of  
 Scripture, which, in the father's mind,  
 were the most patient listeners to his

pious reading, to those touting Wesleyan hymns which Cynthia used to sing to her children. She had been taught following that sect of Primitive Methodists and field preachers, which the Rev. Hugh Bourne had founded early in the century. Her father, the Rev. John W. Wainwright, and differed from the Wesleyan hymns chiefly in his closer adherence to the principles of their pious founder.


"But not unpleasant, days gliding gently by in that quiet chamber; a spacious bedroom, oak-panelled, with three deep-set windows, a carved mantelpiece, a large bedstead, a washstand, a basket game set round with blue and white Dutch tile, Scriptural illustrations to which the Squire referred now and then."

"David! ah! there he is playing Go-liath—the third from the top, remember when I was a boy I used to take him for Jack the Giant-killer. And David was a slayer, was he not?"

"Yes, my dear, the Lord had need to

Sweet slow days, which hardly left a trace behind them, one being so like another, save a vague memory of a fleeting landscape. It seemed to Oswald by-and-by, as if all his life were shut in this grave old room, and the outside world were something in which he had no part. Naomi noticed that his manner was dreary and absent-minded as this change which she ascribed to natural anxiety about his father.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



**By Will They Do It.**

The women we mean. Why will they of chick, powder, and other face preparations; are more or less injurious when they are so readily and so perfectly absorbed, so that has been chemically ascertained by the Metropolitan Board of Health, and pronounced to be harmless and entirely free from anything injurious by some of the most eminent physicians of New York City.

Dr. W. Leitch's "Blush of Youth" is undoubtedly the best preparation in the world for beautifying the skin.

Sold at all Drug stores and Fancy Goods stores.

Wholesale and Retail, Gold Street, New York. Price 50 cents.

CHAPTER XVI.

"E'EN AT TURNING O' THE TIDE."

Cynthia took her place at the Squire's bedside, and assumed the care of the sick room with as much calmness as

Weyan hymns which Cynthia used to sing in the gathering twilight. Joshua, while following that sect of Primitive Methodists, had been a devoted member of the Hugl Bourne had founded early in the century, had adopted the Wesleyan hymn-book, and differed from the modern Wesleyan hymn-book only in his adherence to the principle of their pious founder.

And, yet not unpleasantly, days gliding gently by in that quiet chamber, with its spacious room, its panelled walls, its three deep-set windows, a carved mantelpiece, six feet high, and a curious old head, which the square of the wall above the white Dutch chimney-piece displayed, and its Scriptural illustrations to which the Nourse referred now and then when Cynthia was reading.

"David ah! there he is playing God!" said the old dame, as she remembered when I was a boy I saw, to take David for Jack the Giant-killer. And David was a stunner, was he, though the Lord took him to himself, and I was to be found of me, for I've been a stunner."

Sweet slow days, which hardly left a trace behind them, one being as like another, save a vague memory of a pleasing address. It seemed to Oswald, by and by, as if all his life were shut in this grave old room, and the outside world were something in which he had no part. Naomi noticed that his manner was dreamy and absent-minded as this change which she ascribed to natural anxiety about his father.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



**Why Will They Do It.**

The women we mean. Why will they of their own choice, powder, and other face preparations that are more or less injurious, when they are so easily got a perfectly harmless toilet, one that has been scientifically analyzed by the Washington Board of Health, and pronounced safe to the human skin, entirely free from any of those things injurious to some of the most sensitive portions of New York City?

(See W. Laird's "Blossom of Youth" is now being distributed in the best preparation in the world for beautifying the skin.)

It is sold at all Drug stores and Fancy Goods stores.

Depot, 4 Gold Street, New York. Price 10 cents.

think, powder, and other face preparations that are more or less injurious. When they can so easily get a perfectly harmless toilet, one would think that the Board of Health, and promulgators of the law, would be entirely free from anything injurious by some of the most eminent physicians of New York City.

Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" is undoubtedly the best preparation in the world for beautifying the skin.

Sold at all Druggists and Fancy Goods stores.

Depot, 5 Gold Street, New York. Price 75 cents.











## NEWS NOTES.

LUNACY is increasing in France out of all proportion to its population.

CALIFORNIA has "put up" 2,500,000 cans of strawberries this year.

At last Congress has mustered sufficient patriotism to vote the completion of the Washington monument.

BARTHOLOMEW's statue of "Liberty Lighting the World," for New York harbor, will not be finished until 1928.

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THE mother of Prince Milan has just died at Wurzburg, in Bavaria.

DAVID DREW says that Vanderbilt is worth nearly \$100,000,000 (than \$40,000,000).

The population of Cleveland, Ohio, according to a census just taken, is 164,000.

THERE is trouble in Athens, and a state of siege has been declared.

TAIN had 130 applications for admission at the commonest examinations—thirty less than last year.

MASSACHUSETTS has disbanded her only militia company of negroes.

It is generally understood that a marriage is arranged between his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught and the Princess Patricia, daughter of King George of Hanover.

EARL Derby has spoken strongly in favor of maintaining the declaration of the Treaty of Paris. To shagrate it at present would be to create the suspicion that England was preparing for war.

It will cost Boston about \$1,000 to pay the expenses of the detectives who have been looking at Winslow in England.

THE Rev. Newman Hall says that within three years the churches of Great Britain have lost 81,000 members through the vice of intemperance.

ONE half the county of Northumberland, England, belongs to twenty-six gentlemen, the duke owning 18,616 acres, and the smallest proprietor nearly 9,000.

THE jettes at the mouth of the Mississippi river are proving a snare. The large steamers now go through unobstructed.

THEY are experimenting in London with a gun which weighs 81 tons, throws a ball weighing 1,650 pounds, and consumes 300 pounds of coal discharge.

ONE of the living curiosities of this Centennial year is a Kentucky child, 5 years old, who is boneless. It is well developed in every particular, and its limbs can be bent in a circular form, or tied in a knot.

HON. JOHN M. FRANKLIN, of the *Troy Times*, who has just got home, finds that a tour round the world with a few excursions of the first symphony, and a journey of 30,777 statute miles and 91 days on shipboard.

JOE O. SHELLEY, a noted Confederate General of Missouri, sent the following telegram to President Grant: "Gen. Grant has been killed. I once fought him, and now propose to avenge him. Should you call volunteers, allow Missouri to raise one thousand."

THE remains of Louis Philippe have been removed from England to France. The royal mausoleum is constructed in the crypt of the church at Dreux, where are other tombs of the family.

THERE has been a great deal of money lost and won on English races this year. Lord Lusley lost \$15,000 on Petherick at the Ascot. A professional bookmaker cleared \$10,000, and another made \$40,000 in one day.

THE Post-office Department has been notified by the authorities of the Pennsylvania and New York Central and Hudson River railroads, that the fast mail trains would be discontinued from the 23d instant. The reason for the stoppage is the reduction of the transportation of mail by Congress. Negotiations on the subject will immediately be commenced by the Department.

THE old favorite, Goldsmith Maid, retains the vigor of her youth, and at the ripe age of seventeen, has equalled the greatest of her earlier achievements. To trail a mile in 2:14 is about as much as an animal ought to be asked to do, but there is no telling what the horse of the future may not accomplish, if trotters go on in this way.

A MILITARY coat made by the late President Johnson while he was working at his trade as a tailor, has been presented to the Historical Society of Tennessee. It is a good state of preservation, and it is said to show excellent skill, taste and workmanship. After Mr. Johnson became Governor of Tennessee he commissioned a circuit judge the customer for whom the coat was made.

THERE are 72 papers in Constantinople, 16 of which are printed in Turkish, 1 in Arabic, 1 in Persian, 20 in French, 1 in German, 1 in English, 12 in Greek, 13 in Armenian, 4 in Russian, 2 in Spanish and 1 in Italian. There are 19 official journals in the provinces, and as many official calendars or almanacs.

ONE small round jewel case on exhibition at the Centennial contains gold and jewels valued at upwards of \$300,000. A string of pearls is valued at \$40,000 in gold. A solitary diamond is valued at \$16,000. One yellow diamond is valued at \$5,000. A feather for the crown of the crown is valued at \$15,000. These are all in the American department.

MINOR the great agricultural and stock raising State, is now attracting a larger emigration than at any time since the war, her many superior advantages and conveniences to the great markets are no longer overlooked by those coming West.

BARTON has the largest ice house in the world. The roof covers an area of 15,000 square feet. The walls are double, and filled with moss and sawdust. There are nine separate ice chambers, each of 30,000 cubic feet capacity. There are galleries for storing meat in hot weather, capable of holding 200,000 quarters. A million tons of ice have been stored in the building at one time.

THE wheat crop of California for the current year proves to be the greatest ever produced in that phenomenal State, amounting to one million tons, three-quarters of which is exportable for export. There is much of the problem of the limit in harvesting opinions on what prices are likely to be obtained. Wheat has never fallen in that State below \$1.50 per bushel, and it is expected that the limit which wheat has ever attained there was in 1905, when the centum reached \$5.18.

In all wells which admit of a remedy, impurities is to be avoided, because it wastes that time and attention in complaints that if properly applied, might remove the cause.

## "DI MERO" ON "W. P." ARISTOCRATS.

"W. P." stands for West Point.

West Point, in general, called the nursery of aristocracy.

I was nursed there, but I'm not an aristocrat.

The average West Point cadet is no more of a high-born aristocrat, than an unweaned mud turtle.

I will prove it.

Immediately after the close of the war, I was traveling through the back-woods of Florida, where the inhabitants raise little hatchet-faced, low-headed children simply as a matter of speculation.

For some time the novelty of the surroundings charmed me, and I felt like communing with the muses.

Then I became hungry and felt like swapping the muses off for a boiled ham.

I wanted to interview anything that was in the habit of hanging around a kitchen.

Approaching a small, freshly broken field, I decided near the fence a boy, ploughing.

He was the smallest boy I ever saw, attached to the largest voice I ever heard.

He was so short that if he suddenly became ill, he wouldn't know whether he had headache or his corns hurt him.

His complexion was the color of ice-cream, just as the first symptoms of small-pox; his eyes green and his hair no color whatever. His nose was a devout one—judging from the way in which it was used.

He smiled, which he did as soon as he saw me, his mouth opened like a bankrupt clam. He was attired in a single garment—namely, a pair of trousers, a sort of compromise between an old Roman toga and a night shirt.

He didn't wear pants, probably, because he was so short that he would have been compelled to sit down to get his hands in his pockets; and a boy who cannot wear his hands in his pockets would be as much out of place in America as a one-legged barnet on a red-hot stove.

I sympathized with him, and wanted to say something.

I did say something.

I asked him the time of day. He raised his eyes, dropped his lower lip, looked at me, then at his watch, drew a long breath, and said—nothing.

I was disappointed.

I thought that after such elaborate preparation, he might at least have told me to go to the devil.

I repeated my question. Then he gave utterance to this expression:

"Well, I'll tell you the back of my neck."

Then, gathering up the folds of his long garment, he added:

"Does you 'pose I'm going to carry a watch 'round in these here regiments?"

The royal mausoleum is constructed in the crypt of the church at Dreux, where are other tombs of the family.

"What be you, anyhow?" Gospel peddler.

"No, rider likely."

"No, rider likely."

"No, rider likely."

"No, rider likely."

"No, rider likely."

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## with an armful of sweet potatoes, which he deposited on the hearth and covered with a cloth.

I watched this process very feelingly and glanced around for some more substantial indications of supper, but none, appearing. I concluded that we were to have a cold supper, what was left over from dinner, probably.

In a few minutes the potatoes were roasted, and, making them up, Jim held a large one up to me and said:

"Have a slab?"

I was tempted to take it, but fearing that it might spoil my supper, I declined.

"Now, see here, stranger," chimed in Sam, who had regarded my action with evident distrust, "you needn't be cutting up no capers, 'cause that's all the supper there is. It's 'slab or nuthin', so you'd better slab."

I "slabbed."

Sam's chili came on in due time, and, as he doubled up in the bed clothes, shivering and chattering and grunting, he called out:

"Durn fight the ground!"

The old man arose, and, filling a large gourd with water, inserted it in a crack between the logs forming the wall. At length the family came in, and, without much formality, were the drapery of the old man's head, while the old woman's N. S. served as head-boards for my bed. The last "good-night" was said.

"Durn fight the ground!"

About midnight, I awoke from a troubled dream to find everything quiet, and, looking out of my window, I saw the old woman, as they galloped along in a snoring chorus. Presently, I felt something dragging over my face, and, raising my hand, it was quite dark. I grasped what I thought was the drapery of a ghost, but which proved to be the skirt of Sam's "toga," as he crawled over me en route for the "gourd of water."

The next morning I left with a "good-bye" from the old woman: a grunt from the old man; a nod from Jim; a cordial grasp of the hand from Sam, and a sweet smile from Nal.

Four years later I entered West Point, and, looking exactly as I had been four years before in the pine forests Florida, except that the "toga" had been exchanged for a cadet suit of gray.

Sam was an officer. He was an aristocrat.

He used to drill the "plebes," myself among the number, and though he endeavored to impress me with the dignity of his station, I could never detach his image from the associations of early Jim, "int'ingested dad," broken-jawed Sam, and the "gourd of water."

I always imagined that he looked better in his old "toga" than in the attire of a nursing of military aristocracy, and that his *forte* was calling color, rather than commanding soldiers; and, often when Sam was putting us through a sham battle, far above the roar of battle-cannon; far above the fierce rattle of the musket, and the deep roar of the martial drums, far above the mellow notes of the bugle call, far above the clear command: "Column, forward, march!" swelled a voice from the ranks of memory, saying, peering forth, high in air, seemed to say:

"Durn fight the gourd of water, dad!"

And he was a "W. P." Aristocrat.

Dr. Mero.

## AUNT PATTY'S CENTENARY PAPERS.

In my life, I bid ye adieu just as I was a going to go down into the draw-room.

Well, I remembered that my mother-in-law, the old lady of the house, had been looking at me as I went down, and that old grand mam looked as sheered like, but I was as calm as a summer mornin'. Mandy, Mandy's bean was there. Her aunt was planning to give out a new dress, and she had been to have, and though I do think it made him look silly, after the first glance, I forgive it in him; he was so good to me, and so much respect as he done a young one, is a superior sort of chap if he does mostly liver up his furber.

The young fellow, as I was sayin', took quite an interest in me, and remarked to my aunt, 'a good one, and contribution to the newspapers. He was to me, as he, 'Miss Patty, will ye favor us with the subject of yer next effusion?'

See! 'tis 'hakin'-frolic. I gin em my promise, and hakin'-frolic it shall be, a wavin' of my hand in give consent to my words.

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See he, 'Miss Patty, will ye favor us with the subject of yer next effusion?'

right somewhere of ye didn't know how the figger.

Well, at the last dash of that ere bow, each boy sprung over to tither side the barn for his gal, and 'twas bout every time a true case of natral selection, 'sartin I'm alive, 'sartin.

As near's I can calculate, 'twas in these very words that yer Aunt Patty related this tale, which I respectfully submit to ye.

Yer most obedient sarr'y,

AUNT PATTY.

## LITERARY AND DRAMATIC.

MR. BLAINE, the English novelist, is coming to this country.

JAMES HENRI LONNELL will be a candidate for Governor of New York.

MR. SCOTT SIMPSON will not return to this country next season.

REYNOLDS has received \$200,000 with his wife, but he has only \$50,000 with her.

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## A ROMANCE OF THE SIGNAL SERVICE.

The following is a hitherto unpublished romance connected with the life of one of the most prominent officials connected with the Signal Service Bureau.

He was engaged to be married to a lovely, charming and wealthy girl. The eve of the wedding dawned—and an eve can dawn—and they were occupying the same rocking-chair and talking as intently as only lovers can talk, when the fair one said:

"Albert, ducky, there is one thing I wish you do when we are married."

"Name it, lovely," he replied. "That is, pretty, to have no rain on Monday, because, you know, darling, that Monday is wedding day, and if the things are not washed and dried then the week's work is so fearfully put back. You will, won't you, my own?" This young man's heart was torn, but he replied: "Ma'am, dearest, my duty to my bleeding country demands imperatively that I shall whop her with light winds from the south."

It was a barometrical trouble, and during the next twenty-four hours upon the just and unjust, without regard to the just or previous condition of service. If an area barometrical trouble exists in the Middle States on Monday, how can I consistently with my duty declare that the probabilities favor clear weather with light winds from the south?"

"No, angel, ask me anything but that. I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor more." "Then you'll not love me," she said, bursting into tears. The reader will readily understand how they progressed to a quarrel and parted enemies. She returned his promise and is now lecturing on woman's rights, and he is a confirmed misogynist and sits up all Sunday night at the signal service office, with fleas and making out bulletins for Monday announcing falling barometers, atmospheric disturbances, heavy rains, showery weather, and so on.

It is worth while to go to St. Petersburg if only to eat a Russian dinner. Like all northern nations, the Russians reject good and startling combinations. Some of their favorite soups are eaten cold, and their tea is drunk so hot as to be impossible to an American palate.</







## NEWS NOTES.

LUNACY is increasing in France out of all proportion to its population.

CALIFORNIA has "put up" 2,900,000 cans of strawberries this year.

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## "DI MERO" ON "W. F. ARISTOCRATS."

"W. F." stands for West Point.

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His complexion was the color of cream just exhibiting the first symptoms of small-pox; his eyes green and his hair no color whatever. His nose was a pocket, would be as much out of place in America, as a one-legged rooster on a red-hot stove.

I sympathized with him, and wanted to say something.

I asked him the time of day. He raised his eyes, dropped his lower lip, looked at me, and he said, "I don't know the time, but I know the day."

I thought that after such elaborate preparation, he might at least have told me the day.

I repeated my question. Then he gave utterance to this expression:

"Well, I hope I'll never see the back of my neck."

Then, gathering up the folds of his long garment, he added:

"I hope I'm going to carry a 'round in these here regiments."

"Well, is there a chance for me to enjoy the hospitalities of your house for the night?"

"How per what?"

"Can I find shelter with you for myself and horse?"

"That's a rare treat!"

"Well, can I stay all night?"

"What say you, anyhow? Gospel peddler."

"No rider likely."

"No."

"Drummer?"

"Must be one of these here conscription takers, then."

"No."

"Well, what in the nation air ye?"

"I'm a plain civilian, sir."

He seemed surprised and answered:

"Well, I'll be doctored! Now that you look like one of them kind."

But ye can't tell what's to happen these days. I had a idee though, an idee was kinder rantan-kutan-looking like. What jall'd ye break out of it?"

"I explained that I was not a rifleman, but a humble traveler."

"Now, I don't know whether ye kin stay all night or not. Things is kinder queer about the shanty. I had, he's took with the influenza. I'm, he's allus mad; and I, he's feller's sacker, and I'm 'spectin' he'll have a chill, but—Mars' Jones got her jaw yanked out of socket, and makes it kinder more pencefuller than 'twas when she could talk free like. So, I reckon ye mean't well say."

I thanked him.

"Now, stranger, my name's Sank."

he continued. "You say you're to the barn and light, and hitch your horse onto that 'ere harness, and trot right into the shanty, because I'm 'erger after the cows."

I followed instructions, and, dismounting, entered the shanty. As I crossed the threshold, I found a young man squatting posture before the open fireplace, and throwing up her hands with a gesture of surprise, exclaimed:

"If I have seen 'er, I have seen 'er!"

This exclamation attracted the attention of the entire household, who were all congregated in this room, and were as much as to say, "What's the matter?"

The old woman advanced, gave a pull at a bandage about her chin, and said:

"You mus' excuse me for not welcoming you afore now, stranger, but, truth is, my jaw is busted, and it's that bad I kin scarcely make out whether I'm a talkin' or whether I'm a callin' 'em."

The old man, she continued, "I took with the influenza, and I'll be scratched if I know how to set him onto his trotters again."

"Has he taken anything?" I asked.

"He took a little jaw, justidy, and that lops him some, but, to-day, it kinder lays on him heavy like."

I thought that a tallow rag would lay him down, but my own digestive organs, but said nothing.

Hearing a creaking sound, I turned and saw the door open to admit a burly, cross-eyed, grim-faced individual, whom I at once recognized as "Jim."

"Stranger," said the old woman, "this is Jim. Jim, this is the stranger."

We shook hands standing and in silence.

Presently Sank returned; the old man arose from his bed in the corner; Jim lit his pipe; the old woman unfolded her kettle, and I at last, and with me, and began eyeing me so intently that I was about to think she contemplated a serious proposal, when Jim arose, went to a cupboard in the corner and returned

## with an armful of sweet potatoes, which he deposited on the hearth and covered with ash.

I watched this process very feelingly and glanced around for some more substantial indications of supper, but, none appearing, I concluded that we were to have a cold supper, what was left over from dinner, probably.

In a few minutes the potatoes were roasted, and, resting them on a tin held a large one up to me and said:

"Have a slab?"

I was tempted to take it, but, fearing that it might spoil my supper, I declined.

"Now, see here, stranger," chimed in Sank, who had regarded my action with evident distrust, "you musn't be outtin' up no capers, 'cause that's all the supper that is. It's slab or nuthin', so you'd better slab."

Sank's chill came on in due time, and, as he doubled up in the bed clothes, shivering and chattering and grunting, he called out:

"I don't fergit the good old water, did I?"

The old man arose, and, filling a large gourd with water, inserted it in a crack between the logs forming the wall. At length he came, and, without much formality, we proceeded to "pile around" on the floor indiscriminately, without regard to sex, color or personal condition of servitude.

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## right somewhere as ye didn't know about the figger.

Wal, at this first dash of that ere how, each boy sprung over to tother side the barn for his gal, and 'twas but every time a true case of natural selection, 'nuff I'm alive."

As near's I can calculate, 'twas in these very words that yer Aunt Patty rebuked this tale, which I respectfully submit to ye.

Yer most obedient serv't,

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